

"There's mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought,
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot."

It happened I had with me some religious newspapers, containing information concerning the struggle in which our Church at home is engaged, to uphold the privileges secured to her by the constitution, as well as by the word of God; my friend was so deeply interested in finding those principles he had so long advocated in Scotland, making progress in the northern parts of the country, where moderation had prevailed, that we continued reading and discussing these matters until a late hour. Having rode nearly forty miles, however, I was glad to retire to rest.

October 2.—I started early this morning, and set out for the place of appointment. The morning was cloudy, and I was at first afraid we should have a return of the heavy rains. It continued fair, and by twelve o'clock I arrived at the house of Mr. B. an elder of the Presbyterian Church in Darlington. Mr. B. came to this country eight years ago. I received a truly christian welcome from him and his family. In the afternoon we took a walk down to the side of Lake Ontario,—for his farm, of some 200 acres, bounds with that noble expanse of water. The wind was high, and the waves rolled and roared, dashing themselves on the extended shores, that I could scarce feel otherwise than if on the shores of the German or Atlantic ocean. Mr. B. is a specimen of the Celtic Scots,—a hardy race of men, whom the present, it is to be feared, degenerate chieftains are driving from their native mountains, to seek a home in this part of the western world. It is no enlightened patriotism which conducts this movement. It is nothing else, we fear, than luxury and the love of money. A higher rent given by a new tenant, is motive enough to influence the proprietor in dispossessing a tenant, whose gallantry in the battle-field has never been sullied, to make room for herds of cattle and sheep. The Lord, however, has overruled the doings of the proprietors for the good of the people,—and many an emigrant comes to find in his experience, that the country of his adoption, in which he has been forced to hew out his inheritance with his own hatchet, is a good land,—thus making the avarice of man the vehicle of forwarding the designs of his mercy. We walked along the steep banks of the Lake, meditating on the change which the course of a few years had produced on this

country. Then, the wild woods covered all these fertile enclosures,—and the naked Indian sunned himself on these shores. The deer drank out of these crystal waters, with little fear of the few wandering tribes,—the inhabitants of the land; and the bear and the wolf had not yet fled away into their fastnesses from the deadly rifle. It is seldom that one can get an extended view in this country. It is a land better fitted for the useful labours of the agriculturist, than for the less profitable work of the painter,—and yet there are few sights so sublime as a bird's eye view of the Canadian forest. Last summer I had stood on a hill in Caledon, and looked abroad over the tops of the trees. They were then covered with foliage of the richest green, far as the eye could see, until the circling horizon enclosed the magnificent wilderness. The labours of man, though not inconsiderable, were scarce to be traced,—it was a garden which the Lord, and not man, had planted, and it reflected back the wonders of his hand. And now again, at this time, standing on an elevated platform, and looking abroad over the forest, I could not but admire the change which had passed over it,—the tops of the trees had become yellow under the influence of the season. The deep verdure of summer had merged into the mellow tints of autumn. The same law which had whitened a field of wheat, had whitened the amplitudes of the umbrageous forest. And I saw that greatness was only relative, and in reference to the power of the Almighty, great things and small were alike. The same Lord who covers the valleys with corn, covers Lebanon with cedars. There is a harmony between what is visible in nature, and what is written in the Scriptures. And could we look on creation, not with a cold sceptical gaze, but habitually with the eye of a humble and believing faith in the Creator, we should be better fitted for discerning the superior glory that shines in his Word. Infidelity would appear what it is, most foolish and wicked. Men would come to see such a grace and majesty in the Scriptures, as is visible in creation,—and the same conviction would be forced upon them, that they have God, and not man, for their author.

October 3.—Rode over with Mr. B. to Bowmanville. Here I met Mr. Alexander, who had been visiting during the greater part of the week, and catechising the people, previous to their admittance to the holy ordinance. I felt it a great comfort in coming so far, to find such an able and faithful coadjutor,—for the dispen-